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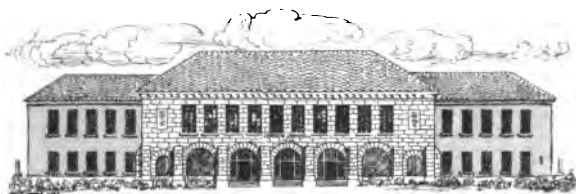


EARTH AND SKY

NO. 1

A FIRST
READER
STICKNEY

GINN AND COMPANY

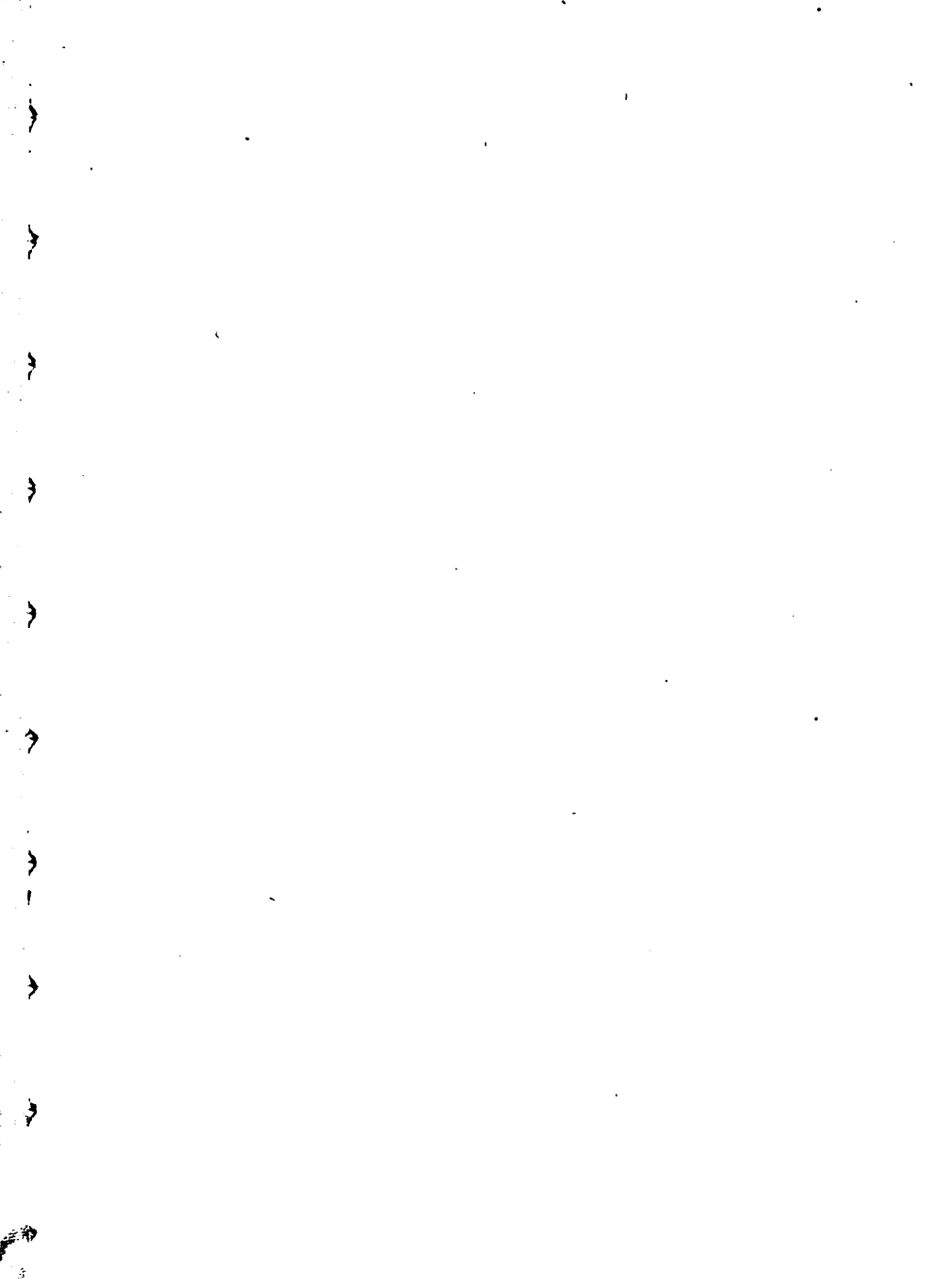


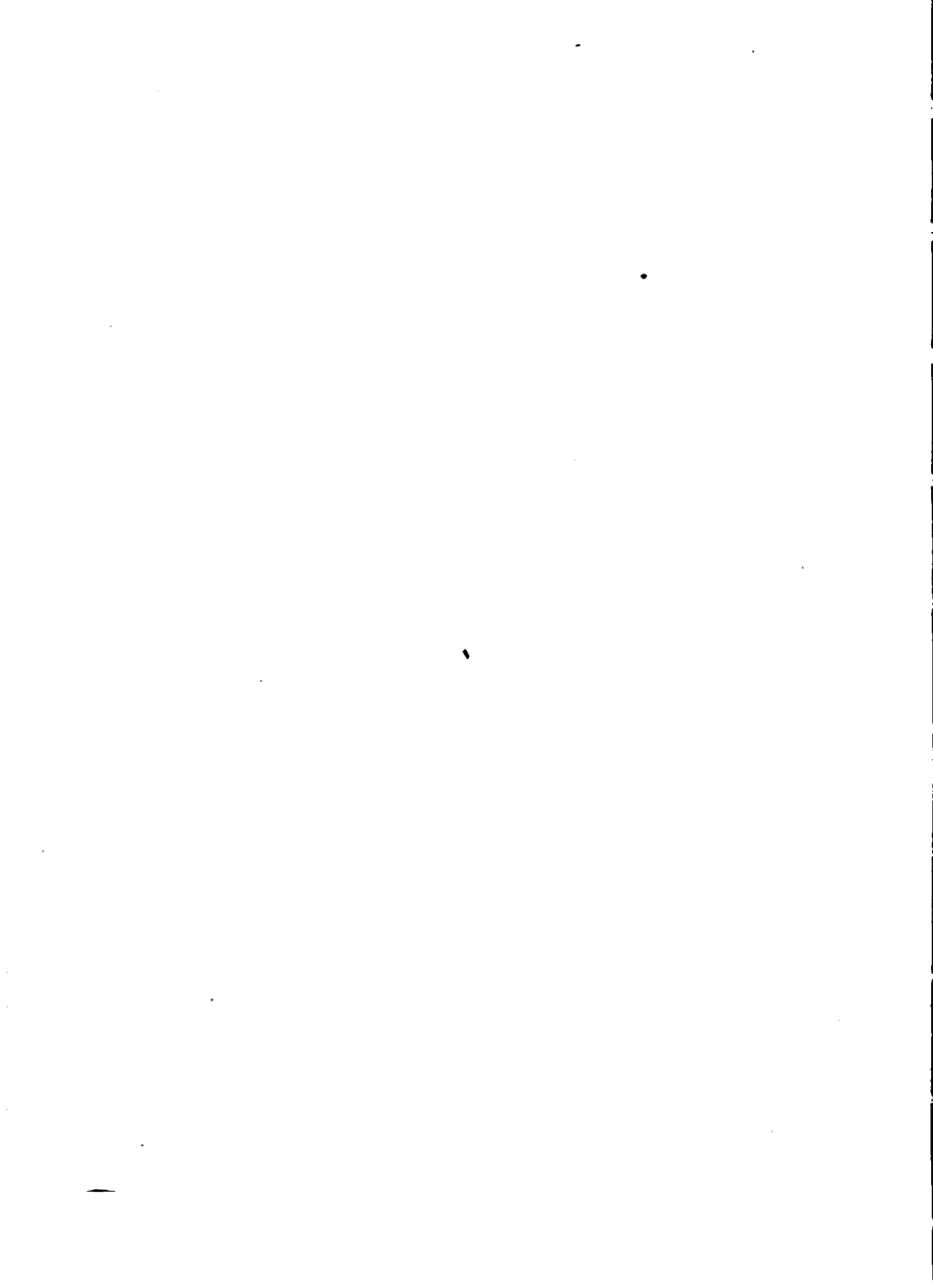
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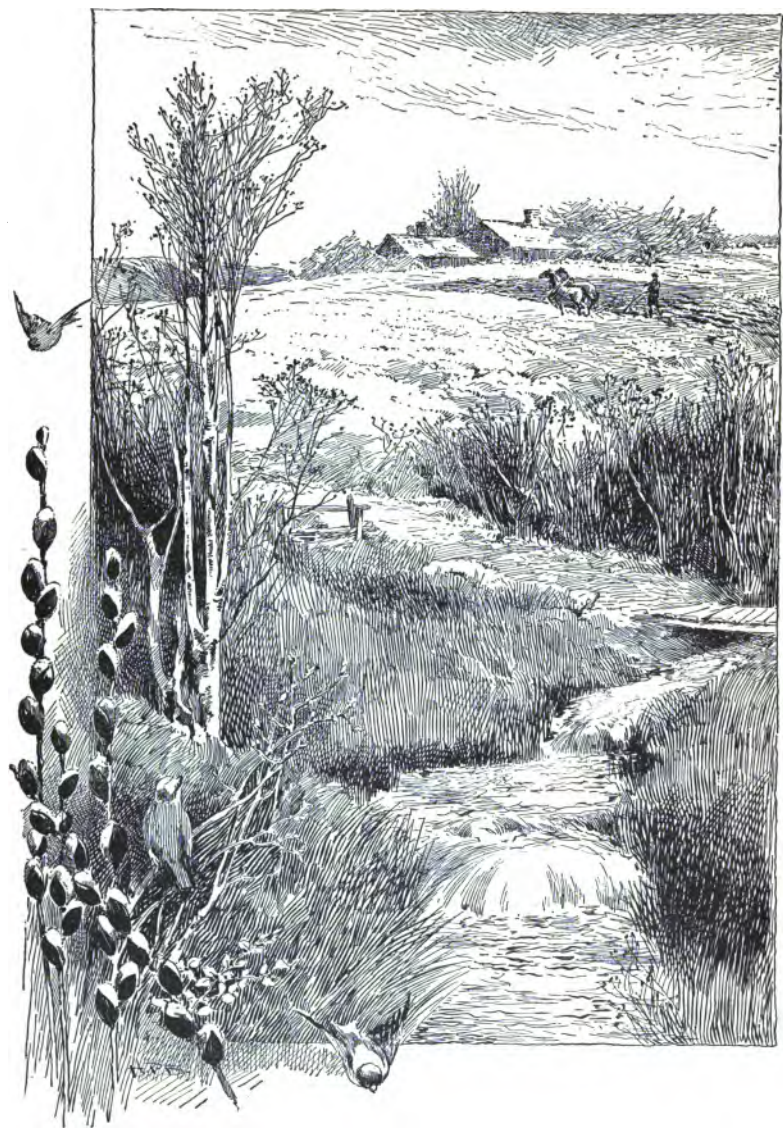




THE NATURE STUDY SERIES

I

SPRING AND SUMMER



STUDY AND STORY NATURE READERS.

EARTH AND SKY

NUMBER I

A FIRST GRADE
NATURE READER AND TEXT-BOOK

BY

J. H. STICKNEY *Lansing*

AUTHOR OF STICKNEY'S READERS, "PETS AND COMPANIONS," ETC.



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PREFACE.



IF this little book were named in its relation to teachers, it might more fitly be called OPPORTUNITIES for NATURE STUDY. The reading lessons make *half a course*, the complement to which will appear in the Oral Work growing out of them.

A glance along the pages will show the variety of points in Nature's wide *repertoire* which are thus brought within the field of natural expression. It has been our aim to suggest the entire world as it lies about us in our infancy. The cultivated teacher will see in perspective pathways of the child in the lines of geography, botany, zoölogy, chemistry, physics, and astronomy, and will lose no opportunity to make them alluring.

The book aims to be something more than a Supplementary Reader, to be passed over lightly for facility in reading. It is hoped that until a better one shall be provided it may be accepted as a Guide or Manual for the most elementary work in Nature Study.

Attention is called to the Language Studies. The plan is an original one, and if faithfully followed cannot fail to lay a good foundation for systematic progress in the art of expression. It is recommended that Part One of the book be used in the latter half of the first grade, and Part Two in the earlier months of the second.

Words selected from the readings to show at how many points contact is made with objects of nature :

Earth, sky, sun, moon, stars. — Water, gravel, sand, stone, soil, clay, air. — Wind, weather, rain, snow, tempest, thunder, lightning. — Sunshine, moonlight, shadow, rainbow, clouds. — Spring, summer, autumn, winter. — Ocean, river, spring, brook. — Sounds, colors, beauty, order, kindness, providence, care, cruelty, death. — Beasts, birds, reptiles, fishes, insects, spiders. — Trees, flowers, plants, fruits, seeds, ferns, grass.

The object of so wide a reach of subjects has been to awaken interest in observing nature rather than to communicate facts ; to open the way for later teaching rather than to force it prematurely.

PART I.



IN SPRING-TIME.

earth watch willow answer

All the earth is glad!

Spring is coming!

Who told you? Are you sure?

Pussy-willow told me first.

Bluebird told me next.

Southwind and warm rain say so.

Birds and brooks are singing it.

Sunshine makes us feel it.

What shall we say in answer?

Come, spring-time, come fast!

Children entering school in September will be ready for these lessons in the following March. See Appendix notes.

BIRDS IN SPRING.

leaves empty birdies

Up! up! up! Up in the tree.

Up in the top of the tree!

What is it? Don't you see?

Why, a nest for little birdies!

It is away from the cats.

It is too high for boys.

It is half hid by leaves.

What a nice place to live!

Mother-bird brings food.

Father-bird helps her.

Little ones grow and grow.

By and by the nest will be empty.

Can you think why?

Where will the little ones sleep?

BIRD HOMES.

twine makers shapes

Can you tell how nests are made?
The tools are birds' feet and bills.
Look back and count one, two,
three birds.

See how birds fly! See how they rest!

Some nests are made of hay.

Some are made of mud or clay.

Some birds use twine and hair.

And some use twigs.

Each bird knows what it wants.

Watch for these little home-makers.

You will see them at their work.

Can you make a nest?

Make some nest-shapes with clay.

(See Frontispiece.)

BEAN-BABIES.

cradles inside
 alive



Beans! Are we going to cook them?
 No, I will plant them in soft earth.
 They are seed cradles;

the babies are inside.

Are they alive? They do not look so.
 Water will wake them up.

Sunshine will tell them it is time

to stretch and grow.

The baby-food is in the cradles.

Water will make it soft like nice soup.

We will put a few of the beans

in this wet sawdust.

We shall watch these bean-children.

TWO SUPPERS.

cherries

spread

insects

helped

themselves



Eva and Ted went into the garden.

They found a little table set.

It was under a tree. Is it for us?

Who did it? They asked sister May.

It was not brother Ben.

It was their dear mother.

What was on the table?

Bread, cake, and cherries.

They sat down to have supper.

They did not forget to say thanks.

Two happy robins came to the tree.
They found a table spread for them.
It was in the tree top.
They helped themselves.
Their supper was insects and cherries.
Who spread their table ?
Mother Nature.
Did they say thanks do you think ?
They sung them.
Birds at supper up in the tree.
Children at supper under the tree.
The good Father loves them both.



A LETTER TO THE CHILDREN.

DEAR CHILDREN,

You have all read your primer.

It was hard at first. Now it looks easy. Would you like to *make* a primer?

I shall show you how to do it.

Look on the next page of this book. You are to write little Nature Stories. See if they are not like those of the primer.

You are to begin with one kind of story. There will be five kinds in the book.

That will do very well for such little story-tellers. Here is a story that shows all the five kinds:

This is a robin. It has a red breast. The robin sings sweetly. Look at the robin. It is beautiful.

You can write just as nice little stories.

Write them neatly and plainly. Keep them till you have all the kinds, then see if you have not made a little primer of your own.

With best wishes,

THE AUTHOR.

LANGUAGE FORMS FOR NATURE STORIES.

I. Answers to question What is it?

This is a bird.

This is a nest.

That is an egg.

That is wood.

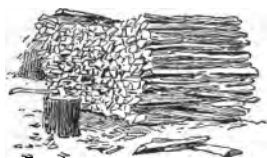
Is this hay?

That is a frog.

Is that a crab?

You are clover.

For method of use, see page 114.



LIFE CHILDREN.



shapes count
 clusters

What a pretty plant !
Is it for me ?
It is small now.
Count its leaves.
Find some buds.
There will be more.
We cannot see them.

They are waiting to grow.
Let us help them grow.
Each of us can do something.
I will give the plant water.
I will set it in the sunshine.
I will keep the room warm.

The earth in the flower-pot
will do the rest.

Leaf buds will come.

They grow into leaves.

Flower buds will come.

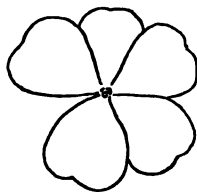
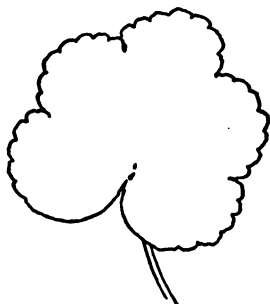
They open and make flowers.

The flowers grow in clusters.

Try to draw the shapes.

The leaves are green.

The flower clusters will be pink,
or red, or white.



Do you know this plant's name?

THE BEAN-BABIES AGAIN.

work ground heard



Look at our sawdust garden box.

Look at our beans!

Are these the same ones?

Oh! Oh! This cradle has split.

The old bean is just like a shell.

Find the wee baby.

Here is one that has a bit of a root.

This tall one has two green leaves.

Find the old cradle now.



It has done its work.

Its baby is a plant now.

Bean plants must go
into the ground.

They need earth, water, and sunlight.

We will see you again, little sisters.
We want to know how fast you grow.
Do you know how tall you will be?
Did your bean mother tell you?
Have you heard about red flowers?
Have you heard of pods full of
little beans?

To Think About.

Who are glad when Spring comes?
Tell how they show it.
What do birds begin to do?
What tools have they?
What do birds use to build with, and how do they get
these things?
What helps the plant-babies to grow?
Can they go about to get what they need?
Who loves and cares for all kinds of children?
Where are their tables set for them?
How do you think Mother Nature would look if we
could *ever* see her face?

EARTH . STARS.



notches before
wrap turned

Stars in the grass !
Bright yellow stars.
Did they fall
 from the sky ?
Beth had never
 seen them before.

One, two, three, four, ever so many.
Look, Beth, and see for yourself.
No. They grow from the ground.
Each stands on a tall, smooth stem.
What odd leaves ! So full of notches
 and so close to the ground.
Here is a bud.
Its little wrap is turned back.

dandelion rosette bouquet

Our star flower is a dandelion.

It is like a rosette made of baby ribbon.

The dandelion is not a single flower,
it is a bouquet of flowers.

We will take one bouquet apart to
see the single flowers.

Look! Each of us has a tiny flower
with a long yellow flag.

The dandelion mother must be very rich.

She puts so many flowers into one.

But what a pretty show it makes!

I like these little living stars
that are so near.

FOR NATURE STORIES: Write three that tell what the dandelion
is, or is like.

SKY STORIES.

wonder move clouds sorry

I like to look up into the sky.

How soft and blue it is!

Does every place have sky over it?

How far away are you, sky?

If I were a kite I would go and see.

See the soft white clouds!

What holds them up so high?

They are sailing slowly away.

I wonder where they go.

They look like flocks of sheep.

That is what they are — Bo-Peep's
flock of sheep.

Don't you know who Bo-Peep is?

She is the bright sun.

BO-PEEP.

starts roams begins

Bo-Peep is the sun's baby name.

Is it not a pretty one ?

She goes out every day with her sheep.

All day she roams over the sky.

She starts in the east. She goes home
 to the west at night.

Sometimes she cannot find them.

What kind of a day is it then ?

Tell the story of Bo-Peep and her flock.

It begins " Little Bo-Peep has lost —."

White sheep, white sheep, on a blue hill,
When the wind stops you all stand still ;
When the wind blows you walk about — *slow* —
White sheep, white sheep, where do you go ?

THE STORY-TELLER.

fleecy wears every

What do you do first every day?
See if I can tell you.

 You look up into the sky.
You want to read its story.

What are some of these sky stories?

The clouds help tell the stories.

Some are soft, warm, fleecy clouds.

Some are dark rain clouds.

Bo-Peep sometimes wears a thick
 gray veil.

We do not like that story.

Dear Bo-Peep, we like to see your face.

Get the wind to lift your veil.

Sunset stories are best of all.

What have you in your hand ?
A stem with a green knob at the end.
Those are the seeds.

They have blown away.
Listen to the dandelion story :

In early spring there is a flower,
With lovely yellow hair,
This soon grows gray ; then blows away,
And leaves its head quite bare.

Little Beth likes now to play she is the wind's child.
She goes around sowing dandelion seeds.
Can she send them as far away as her wind-mother does ?
See what strong breaths *you* can blow.

YELLOW WINGS.

anywhere feathers tongue

I had something for
you, Auntie.

I tried to hold it, but
it got away.

Do you see it anywhere?

It was yellow

and so pretty!

“You haven’t told me what
it was,” said Auntie.

Oh! It was a butterfly.

I caught it on a flower.

I put my hat over it.

There it is now.

See! It is as yellow as butter.



I can catch it again.

It likes to be free.

See it fan its pretty wings.

Butterfly wings have no feathers.

How small the butterfly is,

and what big wings it has ;

They are like the sails of a boat.

They are soft as silk.

They can open and shut like a book.

It is getting sweets now.

How still it is. You cannot hear

a sound.

Watch it. It has a long tongue.

The tongue will reach into the flower.

Could we see the tongue?

No, it would be curled up.

It uncurls it to get sweets.

A CATERPILLAR.

touch

crawl

fuzzy

Fuzzy caterpillar !

Do not crawl away.



I want to talk to you.

Mamma says you can spin.

She says you spin your own cradle.

That is a funny thing to do.

Where shall you spin yours ?

Mamma and I found one on a fence.

It looked like a soft woolly ball.

A caterpillar was asleep in it.

I did not touch it. I never hurt any
living thing.

I go to see it every day. I should
like to see the cradle you make.

LANGUAGE FORMS FOR NATURE STORIES.

II. Answers to question What has it?

The has eggs in it.

This ... has green spots.

The ... has claws.

There are in the apple.

A has fins.

A wings.

A petals.

A tree has a trunk.

Make other stories for these pictures.



THE CATERPILLAR AGAIN.

remember swiftly beautiful

Shall you go to sleep soon?

But you will wake up!

You will not be a caterpillar then, but
a butterfly.



Mamma says you will make
a beautiful one.

BEES.

alone honey busy cupboard



Look out, there are bees!
One is on the flower.
Would they sting?
Not if we let them
alone.

Are they bumble-bees?

No, they are honey-bees.

Watch and see how busy they are.

They go from flower to flower to get
all the honey they can carry.

Then they will go to their hive.

Is the hive a nest?

It is more like a cupboard.

Did the bees make it?

LANGUAGE FORMS FOR NATURE STORIES.

III. Answers to questions What does it do? What do they do?

The waves roll.

The stars twinkle.

The bluebird sings.

It makes a nest.

The seeds will grow.

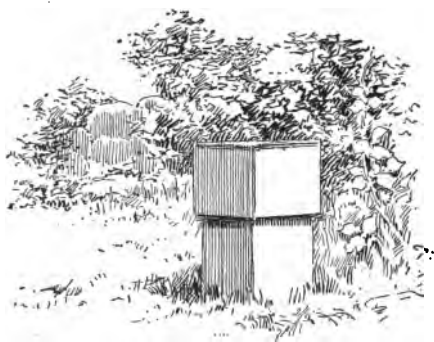
That tree bears cones.

The squirrel can jump.

I can see the moon.

Choose something and tell what it *is*, *has*, *does*.

BEE WORKERS.



cruel

sticky

collect

comb

People make hives for bees
to fill with cells.

The people want the honey to eat.

They do not take it all.

That would be cruel.

Wild bees find holes in trees.

See the shapes of the cells.

Some are cradles for young bees,
and some are cupboards.

We call this honeycomb.



It is sticky till it grows hard.
The bees collect it themselves.
They get bee-bread too.
Never disturb a honey-bee.
Do you know how honey looks
and tastes?
It is the sweetest thing we know.

BLACK BEARS.

bears people hungry

Let's play bears, Willie.
I'll get mamma's big black rug.
This was on a live bear once.
Wasn't his fur thick?
I will put the rug over us.

Now I am the big bear. You are
my cub.

The cub is the baby bear.

We are out in the woods.

Hark! I hear some one coming.

No one shall hurt you, little cub.

I will growl. You must growl, too.

If they come near we must hug them.

That is the way bears do.

They sometimes kill people.

It is dark here. Play we are in our cave.

Hark! There comes mamma. Let's
hug her.

We mustn't hug too hard.

Dinner time! Any hungry boys here?

Bears, mamma. We are hungry bears!

I like boys better at my table.

LITTLE JACK'S BREAKFAST.

breakfast healthy heavenly

Five good things had little Jack
for his breakfast.

See where they came from.

A brown hen laid the egg he ate.

A cow gave the milk he liked so well.

Grain for bread and mush grew in
the wheat field.

The red-cheeked apple grew on a tree.

All these are good for Jack.

They make him healthy and strong.

Jack knows who gives us these good
things.

He thanks his Heavenly Father
for them.

WILD AND TAME.

caught

pointed

cunning



This is a pet fox.

Dick's papa got him in the woods.

He caught him in a trap.

Wild foxes live in holes.

Our fox has a house.

He has a chain too.

Why does he have to be chained?

I wish he would lie down.

He curls up like a cat.

See his big tail!

It looks like a brush.

Foxes are sly and cunning.

What would he like to do?

“Fox, what do you think geese and
rabbits are made for?”

“Made for me to eat, to be sure.”

How may we know a fox?

Some foxes are gray.

This is a red fox.

All foxes have sharp ears and
bright eyes.

Look at his pointed nose.

How do you know he is not a dog?

WATCHING A SPIDER.

attic eight thread swung



Baby Ben was lost.
Where did I find
him?

In the attic at play.
What was he doing?

Watching a spider.

“A pretty, pretty spider!” he said.

I did not think so.

“See spider run!” he said.

It ran to its home.

The home was a web.

The web was in a corner.

I held Ben up to see it.

“Make the spider come down,” he said.

“The spider wants its dinner.

It wants to catch a fly.”

Spider did not like to be watched.

It wanted to get away.

So it made a fine thread.

It swung on it to the wall.

“Run, little eight feet!” I said.

“Will it come back?” asked Ben.

“We will find a picture of one.

“Picture spiders do not run away.

“I will tell a spider story.”

A Three-Form Story.

The spider is a little spinner.

First form.

It spins a thread and swings on it.

Third form.

It has eight jointed legs.

Second form.

It climbs on its rope like a sailor.

Third form.



IN HIS OWN HOUSE.

turtle leave water

Tap! Tap! Are you there, turtle?

Come out, — do come out.

Are you hiding from me?

He may be asleep. I will tap again.

Please put your head out of

your shell, turtle.

I can't get in, you see.

Thank you. Now let me see you walk.

You do not walk very fast.

You have to carry your house with you.

Are you on your way to the pond?

You can swim well, I am sure.

Do you like best to be in the water?

What made you stop?

Why do you draw your head in?

I will not hurt you at all.

Well, good-bye. I'm going now.

Some boys turn turtles over and

leave them so.

I don't see any fun in giving pain.

SWEET PEA BLOSSOMS.

thought petals prisoners



We are the children of
the pea.

They call us Sweet Peas.
Every one says we are
pretty.

We have all the colors
there are.

We are not so silly as to be vain.
The butterflies come to see us.
We have sweets to give them.
One of them thought we were
butterflies too.

“Come away!” it said, “come away!”
It thought our petals were wings.

“ Oh, you are all tied. You can’t,”
it said.

“ I would not like to be a prisoner,”
and away it flew.

Then a queen girl came and took
us away.

We were glad we grew for her.
It was better than flying away.

Here are sweet peas on tiptoe for a flight —
With wings of gentle flush o’er delicate white,
And taper fingers catching at all things,
To bind them all about with tiny rings.

A Pea Story.

*We have very pretty petals.
Two inside ones make a sort of hood.
The next two are a high collar.
The outer one is like a banner or flag.
Our hoods and collars are different colors.
The flag may be another color still.*

TWIN CHILDREN.

twins grows pairs

Rock-a-bye, baby, on a tree top.
When the wind blows the cradle
will rock.



A baby on a tree top?
What baby?

This kind of baby grows there.

All these babies grow in pairs!

Is not that an odd way?

The wind rocks their cradles.

It sings them to sleep.

At last they fly away.

How can they fly?

The wind helps them.

Here is one pair to show how they look.

See! Each baby has
a wing.

The twins have a pair of
wings.

They are brown and dry
when they fly.

Do you know these twin
seed-babies?

Can you tell what tree
they grow on?

Here are some of the
tree's leaves.

Do you know them?

Can you find such a tree anywhere?



LANGUAGE FORMS FOR NATURE STORIES.

IV. To call attention or give direction.



Look! See! Jellyfish!

Here is a crab.

There is a pretty shell.

Find some for me.

Get me a starfish.

What fine white sand!

WAYS OF GROWING.

quite fingers always month

How fast the baby
grows.

He is quite like a boy.

My pea and bean-
babies grow.

They grow faster than
our baby does.

How old is our baby?

He is almost a year
old.

This bean is only
two weeks old.

This one is a month old.

The pea vine is six weeks old.



It does not stand alone.

No, it never will.

It must always cling to something.

Baby clings with its hands.

He cannot stand yet.

See what the pea vine clings with.

It has little fingers that curl.

How tightly they hold ! Bean vines
and grape vines have them.

I see a bud on the pea vine.

It will have flowers soon.

Will they be its children ?

I am glad our baby does not
grow up so fast.

He will have a long, long life.

The pea vines live only one summer, but
they leave seeds for many more vines.

LANGUAGE FORMS FOR NATURE STORIES.

V. Answers to question What is it like? (An attribute.)

The fields are green.

The buttercups are yellow.

My rose is beautiful.

The are glossy.

The white clover is

A Five-Form Story.

*See these flowers! (IV.) They are buttercups. (I.)
The cups have six petals. (II.) Buttercups grow in the
fields. (III.) The petals are as yellow as butter. (V.)*

THREE COUSINS.

cousin third cheat
cheerful molasses

Katy did! Katy did!

She did! She did!

This is what a big green grasshopper

says.

It is all he knows

how to say.

So he says it over

and over.

He says it with his

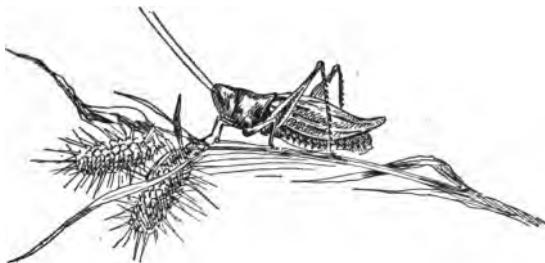
wings and legs.

The meadow grasshopper is his

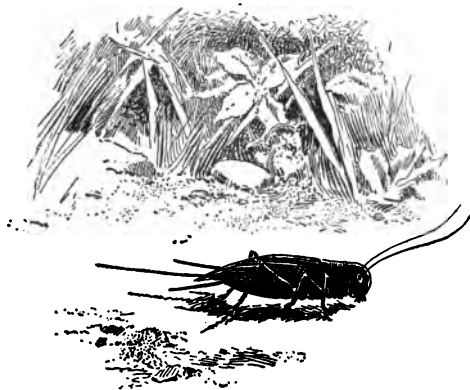
cousin.

He is the color of dry grass.





What great jumps he can take !
His long legs are the jumpers.
They fold like a fan.



The third cousin is the cricket.
He likes to live with us in the house.
Did you ever catch a cricket ?

Some are black and some are green.

They have a cheerful song.

We try to think where it comes from.

When we look he is somewhere else.

It seems very sly of him to cheat us so.

Isn't it fun to catch grasshoppers ?

“Give us some molasses,” the boys say.

Grasshoppers have molasses in

their mouths.

Sometimes they will drop some in

our hands.

Look for grasshoppers on hot

summer days.

They are not birds or fishes or beasts.

What are they ?

HOW THE SPRING CAME.

Spring is growing up ; is n't it a pity ?
She was such a little thing and so very pretty.
Summer is extremely grand ; we must pay her duty ;
But it is to little Spring that she'll owe her beauty.

Who can tell how spring-time came ?
First she made a little call.

Soon she came again.
Birds came with her.
North and East winds drove them back.
South wind was her best friend.

She coaxed her to stay.
“ I will help you unpack your nice
dresses,” she said.
What pretty dresses she brings.

She lets the plants wear them.
What nice taste she has. She cuts
pretty shapes and uses nice colors.

RECITATIONS.

When wake the violets, Winter dies ;
When sprout the elm buds, Spring is near ;
When lilacs blossom, Summer cries :
“ Bud, little roses, Spring is here.”

How pretty is each little star,
Each tiny twinkler, soft and meek !
Yet many in this world there are
Who do not know that stars can speak.

Hush ! listen ! ah ! it will not do ;
You do but listen with your ears ;
And stars are understood by few,
For it must be the heart that hears.

Spring Summer
Autumn Winter

PART II.



SUMMER-TIME.

Summer has
come!

What thick
dresses the
trees have!

What shady
homes the
birds have!

We cannot
see their
nests.



The cattle like the cool shade.
The sun is king of the world now.
Look out for him at noonday. He
 has begun to paint your cheeks!
He will show you how strong he is
 if you let him try.
Summer is the time for roses and all
 the garden flowers. If the sun is
 king, the rose may be the queen.
Fruits are coming as fast as they can.
Hurrah for berries and sweet plums!
Hurrah for peaches!
Make haste and grow, apples, grapes,
 and all garden goodies!

All that we see rejoices in the sunshine;
All that we hear makes merry in the rain.
God grant us such a mind to be glad after our kind,
And to sing His praises evermore in everything.

THE SUN.

freeze starve shadows

JOHN. Look at the sun. It is like fire!
It blinds my eyes. I never saw it
so bright before.

PAPA. Don't look at it. It will
hurt your eyes.

JOHN. I wish it would go away,
it makes me so hot.

PAPA. Come under this tree; it will
be a good sunshade.

What if the sun *should* go away?

JOHN. It would be night all the time,
but we should have stars and
the moon.

PAPA. No, the moonlight would go, too.
We should lose the trees and the grass.

There would be no beautiful flowers.

There would be no grain for food.

All the animals would soon die.

We should die, too. We should

freeze without sunlight, or starve

without food.

Some things we might do without ;

we could not *live* without the sun.

We must not forget to thank God

for all His gifts.

JOHN. The sunlight makes nice

shadows, does n't it ?

Who knows how his morning shadow looks ?

Has it grown taller at noon ?

How is it late in the afternoon ?

These are things to find out.

THE WIND'S FROLIC.

frolic umbrella shuttlecock
slammed rattled carried

Do you know
what a good
frolic is?

I can tell you.

I am Wind.



One day I had great fun. I blew
the seeds away. I played
shuttlecock with them.

I made the leaves fall.

I sent dust into the children's eyes.

I took Nell's hat off.

I carried Bob's kite away.

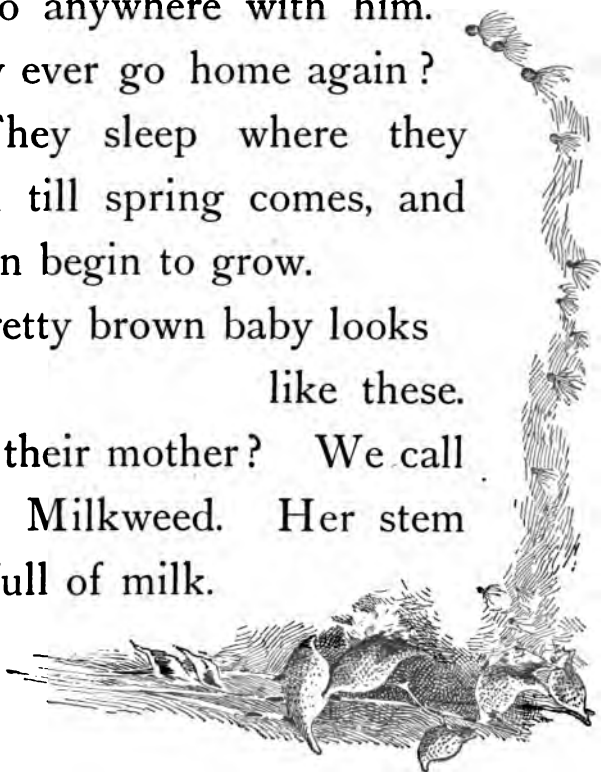
Grandpa's umbrella turned inside out.

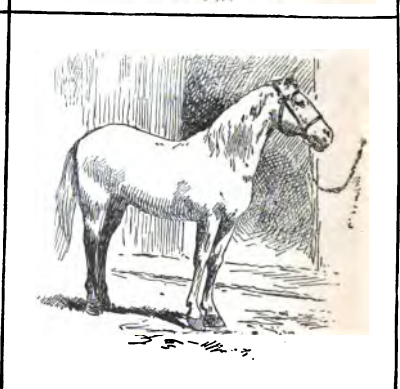
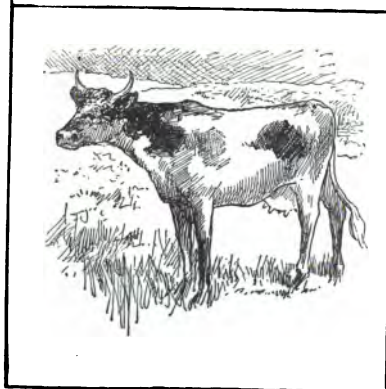
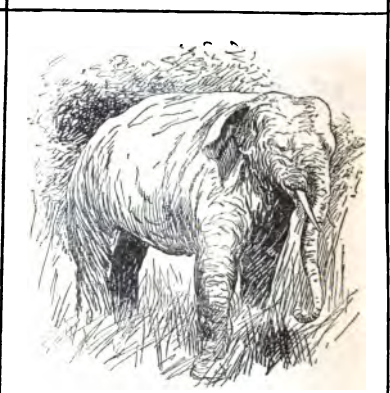
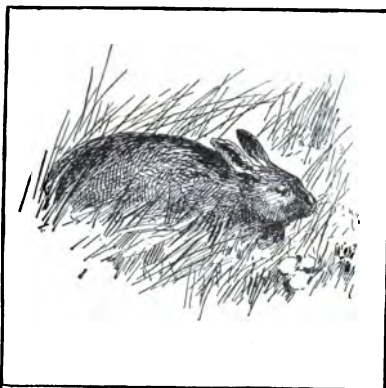
I shook apples from the trees.
I slammed doors and rattled windows.
At sunset I stopped; I was tired.
So was every one else.
Night came and put tired people
to bed.
Where did I sleep? No one knows.

AUTUMN BABIES.

Six green cradles. Full of little babies,
too, and all fast asleep.
The cradle is called a pod.
These babies are not seen in spring.
Jack Frost will find them in autumn.
Then the cradles open.
Do the babies fall out?

They know better ; they fly out.
 These brown babies have white hair.
 It is as soft as silk.
 They have no feet ; they seem to fly.
 The wind plays with them.
 They go anywhere with him.
 Do they ever go home again ?
 No. They sleep where they
 fall till spring comes, and
 then begin to grow.
 Each pretty brown baby looks
 like these.
 Who is their mother ? We call
 her Milkweed. Her stem
 is full of milk.





A MOUSE STUDY.

We will study this little creature.

Perhaps we can make a mouse story.

How is it we begin? *What is it? — has it? — is it like? And what do we think of it?*

It is a little mouse. (What can a mouse do?)

It has two very bright eyes. It must see well.

It has two great ears. We are sure it must hear well.

It has four legs. When mousie runs they look long.

The fur is smooth and short. It looks like gray satin.

The mouth looks small. It is shut now. I know what is inside. There are four long, sharp teeth, — two upper and two under teeth.

There are back teeth beside.

Can the mouse smell?

Yes; better than you or I.

The whiskers are to feel
with in the dark.



We can see claws on the toes.

The mouse can cling with them.

It can stand on its hind feet.

It can carry things a little way in its forepaws.

Mice are playful. We might tame a mouse for a pet.

Mice die if they are not kept clean.

We have not told what mischief they do.

That will make another story.

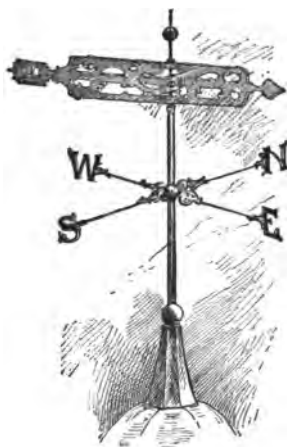
Make stories for the rabbit, squirrel, bear, elephant, cow, and horse such as you think they would like.

THE WEATHER SENTINEL.

weather

sentinel

favor



“ Tell me, good weather
vane,

Tell me true,
What kind of a day
it will be.”

“ Look where I point,
and watch what I do;

Soon, very soon, you shall see.”

“ Kind little sentinel, child of the air,

Do me a favor, I pray;

Coax the good winds and the

quick-moving clouds

To say that the skies may be fair.”

N is for north. S is for south.

E is for east. W is for west.

STARS.

curtain window twenty eyelids

Harry was going to bed.

From his window he saw the stars.

“They wink and blink, mamma,”

he said.

“Where are they in the daytime?”

“The stars are still there, but the

sunlight is too bright.”

Just then a little cloud came by.

“The stars play hide-and-seek,” said

Harry. “I can see them from
my bed.

I will keep the curtain up.

The cloud is the star’s curtain.

I am going to see how many stars

I can count.”

Harry thinks he got to twenty.
Then his eyelids fell. *They* were
curtains, too.
Can any one count the stars ?
God knows them all.

THE STARS.

All night long the little stars blink ;
All night long they twinkle and wink ;
All night long, when we're fast asleep,
Their eyes shine bright as they peep, peep, peep.
But what do they do when daylight comes ?

When the sun wakes up and the big round eye
Stares and stares at the big round sky,
The little stars nestle right down in their nest,
And their bright eyes close, while they rest, rest, rest.
And that's what they do when the daylight comes.

THE MOON.

month quarter evenings

Harry said it was round.

“Oh, no,” said Ruth,

“I saw it last week ;

it looks like half an apple.”

“No ; like a boat,” said Sam.

“I saw it last night.”

“It is not always the same,” said

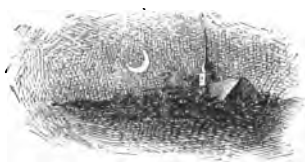
their mother.

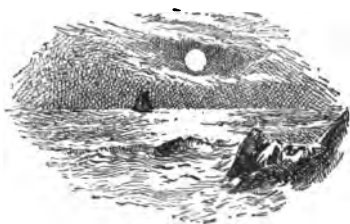
“There is a moon-visit every month.

At first it is like Sam’s boat. We call
it the new moon.

In a few nights
it is like half an
apple. Again it

is as round as the sun.”





“ Does it go away after that ? ” asked Ruth.

“ No, it begins to grow smaller, and we have the half-moon again. We call that the last half. The boat-shape is the quarter-moon, and the round moon is the full-moon.

Then for awhile we have no moon. ”

Did you ever see the moon by daylight ? It is very pale then.

The moon is never as bright as the sun.

We talk of the golden sun, but of the silver moon.

We can always look at the moon. We cannot always look at the sun.

Moonlight makes the evenings beautiful.

LITTLE FISHES.

“ May I have a cent to buy a fish,”
asked Walter.

“ Buy a fish ? Where can you buy
a fish for a cent ? ”

“ They sell a live one for a cent
at the market.

May I, mamma ? all the children
are buying them.”

“ What will you do with it, Walter ? ”

“ Why, keep it in a fruit jar and watch it.”

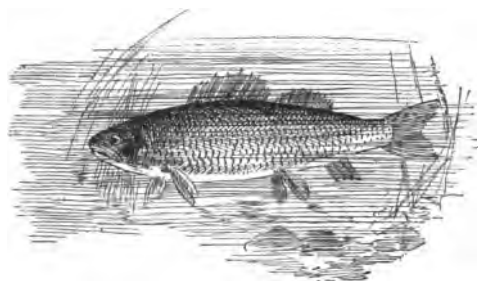
“ It will not live long in a jar. It
needs more water to swim in.”

“ It will not live long anyway at the
market, and I will put it in a pond
in a day or two.”

“ Thank you for the cent. I will go
and buy it now.”

underneath shining scales
moving breathe

Here is the fish — isn't it a fine one ?



It was as
long as his
longest
finger.

Look at its eyes. Can it see me ?

How flat and thin it looks.

Is it hungry ?

Its tail looks like a fan. How it

keeps moving !

The fish is the bird of the water.

See, Walter, these fins are its arms.

The next ones are its legs. There is
one underneath to keep it steady.

See what each does when it goes
forward or turns.

“What a fine dress a fish has!”

said Walter’s mother.

“Where, mamma?” asked Walter.

“A dress of shining scales. Look at it.
See how they are laid over and under.

It is like the roof of a house.”

“Fishes breathe with gills.

See the gills,” said Walter, “under the
covers on each side of the head.”

“Who told you?” asked his mother.

“The boys said so. A fish cannot
live out of water.

See it swim ! I like to watch it."

"I kept some a long time once in a
little pond," said mamma.

"I fed them, and they grew tame.

They would eat from my hand.
I was fond of them, and they seemed
to know me. After awhile they died."

"You said the fish died, mamma," said
Walter. "Does everything die?"

"Yes. Living things have their lifetime.

The little Mayflies die in a day.

Butterflies do not live long.

Some plants live one summer ; some

live two. Some live a long time.

Some animals live very long lives."

THE TOMATO.

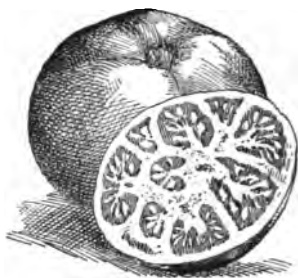
[A Study.]

vegetable itself because

What is this ?

Do we call it a fruit,
or is it a vegetable ?

Does it come up
of itself ?



Does it grow on a tree or on a vine ?

Does the plant live over winter ?

Let it tell its own story :

I am round and smooth and red.

I am a summer vegetable. I am
full of juice, but not sweet.

I have sections like the orange, but there
is no skin between to hold them.

I grow so fast they get queer shapes.
 My seeds are yellow. See how prettily
 they grow. One kind of tomato is
 yellow. They call me love-apple
 sometimes.

Have I told my story right?

ORANGES.

oranges	sections	dainty
juice	fruit	

Where do oranges grow?

How do they grow?

An orange tree has thick, glossy leaves
 and pretty buds and blossoms.

Orange blossoms are white and sweet.

The petals fade and fall off, and little
 green balls are seen.

These balls grow to be as large
as apples.

Then the green fruit turns yellow.

We wait a little for it to grow sweet.

The inside pulp has eight or
more sections.

What is inside the sections ?

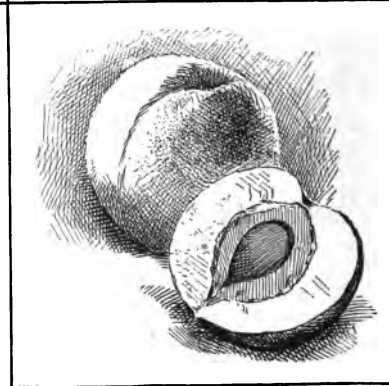
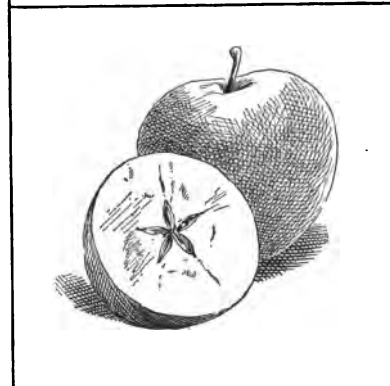
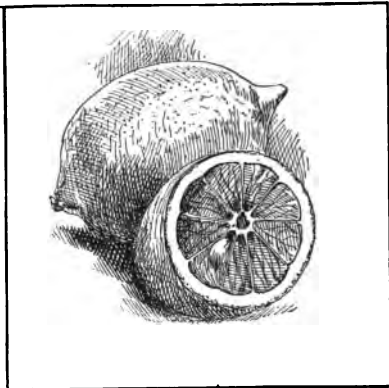
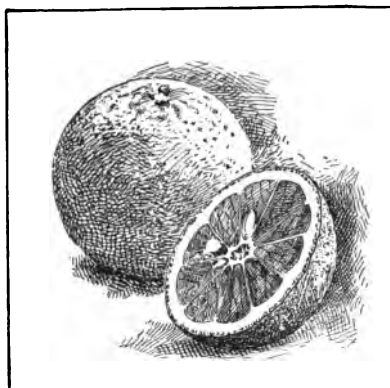
Nice little sacs of juice.

What care the orange takes of its
rich juice !

It has little sacs for it. Then it has
sections to hold the sacs and peel
to go over all.

Is not this a dainty way to grow ?

An orange tree may have buds,
blossoms, green and ripe fruit all
at the same time.



NATURE AND LANGUAGE STUDY.

Lessons for Comparison.

The *shapes* of the apple, peach, orange, lemon, grape, and cherry.

The *covering* each has. How we take off the covering.
Which kinds can be eaten.

The *pulp* and how it tastes.

The *seeds* and where they are placed.

Words used in describing.

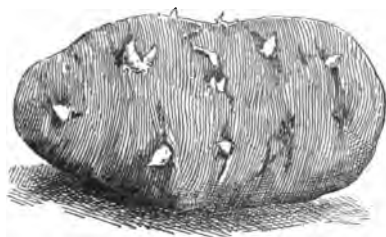
peel	skin	core	sacs	stone
thin	thick	smooth	rough	sweet
tender	tough	fuzzy	porous	acid
round	oval	creased	dimpled	juicy
singly	clusters	cheeks	sections	kernel
short stemmed	long stemmed	without stem		

Other fruits, like the peach, the apple, the grape, etc.
The grape is a berry and grows on a vine.
Inside the apple is a star.

Arrange the six fruits in three pairs.

POTATO CHILDREN.

beginning hurry potatoes believe



Look! Such queer
potatoes!

They are all alive,
I do believe!

Did the potato think it was a flower-pot?

These little plants are potato children.

All potatoes begin to grow in this way.

Why didn't it wait to be put in
the ground?

It was in a hurry to be growing.

We will cut out one or two plants.

Won't that kill them?

Not if we give them a little bit
of potato to feed on.

Now they can go into the ground.
Count the plant children we see
in this potato.

One is just beginning to grow.
See! We call these potato eyes.
See the little dimples they grow in.
When the potato children come up
we will watch them.

Where will the new potatoes be when
they grow? In the ground.

We see only stems, leaves, and flowers.
How shall we know when
the potatoes are ripe?

The stems and leaves will die. Then the
men will dig for the new potatoes.

They must take care not to cut them
with the hoe.

THE ONION'S STORY.

dozen	jackets	doctors
cabbage	lettuce	wear

I am an onion. I am growing just to be eaten. A few of us were saved to grow seed. Some children do not like my strong taste and smell.

The doctors say I do people good.

I like myself very much ! You
should see how I grow.

I wrap myself up in tight little wraps.

The bigger I grow the more wraps I put on. I do not mind how hot it is ; I go on making new jackets. When I am full grown I have a dozen or two. I wear three or four waterproof wraps when I am ripe.

The lilies are my cousins. They have flowers with sweet scent. They are fond of me if I am not so pretty and sweet.

We make our jackets under ground.

The cabbage and lettuce make jackets, too, but they do not wear them so tight. They try to be as big as they can. And they do not make them under ground. Our family do not like that way. People call what we make a bulb. Cabbage and lettuce only make heads, or crowns of leaves.

Roses sometimes make thick jackets.

They use theirs to cover their seeds,
but I think they choke the seeds.

AIR AND WATER.

nothing empty fingers
crumb ocean sponge

What have you in your box, Ray?

Nothing at all, mamma.

Are you sure there is nothing?

Yes. See, it is empty.

I know something that is there.

Look sharp, mamma; there is not
a crumb.

Can *you* see anything?

No, I cannot see anything.

Feel with your fingers.

No, I do not find anything, but
it is there.

It is air. No one can see it.

Air is everywhere.

We cannot shut it out.

This room is full of air.

We could not live without it.

Air and water are like food to us.

Both should be pure.

Pure air has no taste, no color,

and no smell.

Pure water has no color, no taste,

and no smell.

There is an ocean of water.

We can see it.

There is a greater ocean of air.

We cannot see it.

Look at some water in a glass.

Drop in a bright penny, a gold

ring, a pretty stone.

See if they go out of sight.
Pour water slowly on a sponge.
Does it go out of sight?
Try to pile some up high on a plate.
Why can't you do it?
Water, I think you like to have your
own way and go as you please.

What They Have.

If I were a fish I should have scales.
If I were a bird I should have feathers.
If I were a sheep I should have wool.
If I were a horse I should have hair.
If I were a cat I should have fur.
If I were a snail I should have a shell.
If I were a turtle I should live in a box.

Scales, feathers, hair, and fur are Nature dresses.
A shell is a dress and a house.

THE WATER DROPS.

gently together tumbled

“Come, little water
drops, come up
here,” said the
sun.



“I want your help.”

So he drew them gently up. We did
not even see them go.

“Is n't it nice up here in the sky?”
said a tiny drop.

“No; I am afraid I shall fall,”
said his mate.

“Cling close to me,” said the first.

“It is fun to sail and sail all day.”

“Can the drops below see us?”

I wonder how we look?”

“ We look like clouds,” said a wise drop.

“ There are so many of us together,
we look large.”

“ Here’s a breeze ; let’s play tag.”

Away and away they flew across the sky.

“ The sun said we were to help.

I wonder if this is helping?”

“ Wait and see,” said the wise drop.

Soon the wind blew harder. It took
them where it was colder.

The little drops formed into big ones.

Down to earth they tumbled.

Some gave the leaves a drink.

Some laid the dust.

Some washed the flowers. Each
did something.

A TEMPEST.

flashes lightning thunder wonderful

Some children were on a picnic.

It was in a grove near a pond.

An old man was there with a boat.

He took the children out in it.

Six could go at once.

A lady was there to set the table
and take care of the children.

In the afternoon a little girl said,

“Oh, look at that black cloud!”

“We must get on shore at once,”
said the man.

“Can we get home before it rains?”
the children asked.

“No ; we must stay under the trees.”

The cloud was bigger every moment.

“I am afraid,” said a little girl.

“I think it is fine,” said the boys.

The wind began to act very queerly.

All the children felt a bit afraid.

Then came loud sounds and

bright flashes.

“Come right into the boathouse,

quick !” said the boatman.

They had just time to get there ; then

the wind came and the rain.

Oh, what sharp lightning ! And the

thunder almost made them deaf.

The girls put their hands over their ears.

“It is grand,” said the lady. “Yes,

wonderful,” the old man answered.

“Are n’t you afraid?” asked the girls.

“The thunder is so loud.”

“It is not the thunder that does harm;
and lightning does not often
strike.” But it did strike a tree
that very day.

THE RAINBOW.

Dear old Mother Nature.

How many beautiful sights she
gives us!

Where does she get her nice colors?

I think they come from the sky.

We see them at sunset sometimes.

The rainbow has all of the bright ones.

We must make rainbow stories.

Here is my story:

The colors are sisters. The light is
their mother. Each has her own color.

They make a pretty path around the sky.

They come out after the rain sometimes.

What song is it that they sing?

“Do not be afraid, dear Earth; we will
see that it shall never rain too long.”

There is another rainbow story. It is
about a pot of gold.

Who knows it?

To Think About.

The lightning is an electric light.

How bright it is! but how quickly it goes out!

Men have learned to get and hold it.

They use it to light their streets and homes.

Wild lightning. What do you think of that?

A COOL CARPET.

Who has a carpet in his house ?

This cool carpet is not in a house.

It is out of doors all the time.

Rain or snow will not hurt it, and the
sun will do it good.

The wind may shake it, if he is not too
strong.

We must not step on it too much.

That will wear it out.

A school-yard carpet gets very thin.

This carpet is made of little plants.

They are blades of grass with roots.

How dry and hot the street feels !

How soft and cool the carpet is !

It is nice to lie down upon.

Pretty green lawns have velvet carpets.

The velvet is made of fine soft grass.

Do you like flowers in a carpet ?

Daisies make the earth-carpet pretty.

Dandelions find homes in it.

I have seen other flowers there.

What is the best color for our cool
earth-carpet ?

Suppose it had been bright red.

When the grass grows too tall for a
carpet and is cut, what does the sun
make of it? What is the use of it
then? What animals like to eat it?

How are paths made across the
grass carpets ?

Study a blade of grass.

Compare it with a leaf.

MOTHER NATURE.

fairy elephant whale

MAY — "Who is Mother Nature? Did I ever see her?"

FRED — "We do not see her. We see what she is doing."

MAY — "Maybe she is a great fairy."

FRED — "I think she is like wind or air."

MAY — "How many kinds of children she has!

"An elephant is hers and a bee.

"All the fishes and whales are hers, and the birds."

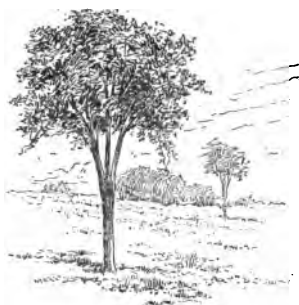
FRED — "Yes, and the plants are her children too.

"What tall children trees are!"

MAY — "We are her children, too, and our mothers and fathers. Her house is the great round earth. I wonder if she owns the sun and the stars."

FRED — "She has to do what God tells her just as we do. I think she is the one He has to take care of everything."

MAY — "So do I."



NATURE AND LANGUAGE STUDY.

Trees and How They Grow.

Find on the opposite page the elm and the maple, the tall pine and the spruce, the poplar and the willow.

Bring to the schoolroom TWIGS and LEAVES of as many as you can. (Choose another tree for any that does not grow where you live.)

Which of these is the sentinel? Which loves the brookside and welcomes the spring? Which give away their leaves in the autumn? Which live in the forest? Which make shade for our streets and homes? Which cling to rocky hillslopes?

THE WOOD. THE BARK. THE LEAVES.

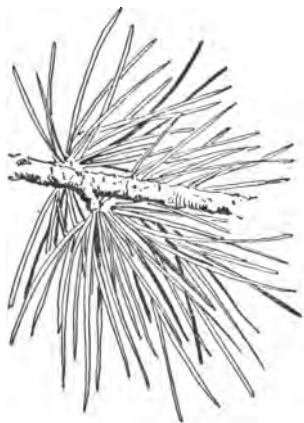
Get SPECIMENS of these and other woods and barks. What wood is good to burn, to build with, to make pretty furniture?

How do you know these trees in winter? The trunks and branches are frames for them. Draw lines to show the shapes. Branches of which go out straight (spruce)—go upward (elm)—keep as close to the trunk as they can (poplar). Find one of each kind. Learn to know the leaves of each.

PINE-TREE STORIES.

rough themselves needles

Here are some branches and twigs.
What can they tell us about themselves
and their tree?



We can bend some of
them a little.

What was it I heard
the twig saying?

“ We left a part at
home that would
not bend.”

That was the stout trunk.

What was it made of that it did not
bend ?

Hear the twig again : “ It has bark as I have, but, oh, so thick and rough! “ And it has wood, as I have, only it is stout and stiff.”

What else has the tree in the woods ?
More branches, more twigs, and the rest is leaves.

“ Do you call these needles leaves ?

“ *We* call them pine needles.”

“ They are the pine tree’s leaves.”

Now let the needles tell about themselves.

“ We might have been flat and broad like the other leaves. We think this way is best for us.

“ All leaves are rolled up at first. We want to last the whole year through.

We stay on till the new leaves are ready to come. We have to bear the wind and rain. See how smooth we are, and how strong."

"We needles make the nicest shade of any of the leaves.

"One could not do much, so we stay together.

"We bend and swing to let the wind and rain go through.

"Then we stand up again."

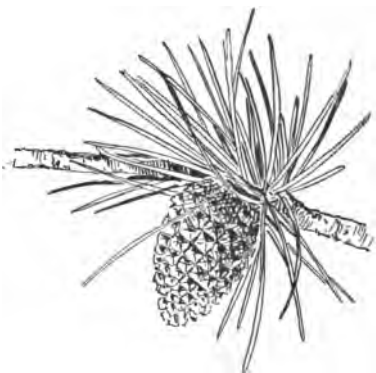
If Mother Nature patches the leaves and vines, I'm sure she does her darning with needles of the pines.

NEEDLES AND CONES.

tassels center scales

The twig was pulled from the tree.
Now we will pull the needles from the
twig. Who wants to pull?
Count now how many each of us has.
See, they make little tassels, and are all
alike.

The five needles
make a bunch.
One kind of pine
has two needles
in a bunch.



This kind has five needles.
Look in the center of this bunch for a
little bud.

That makes a pine cone bye and bye.
The cones are the pine tree's fruit.
They were soft and green at first. Now
they are hard and brown. Find
their scales. See how they are
placed.

Each scale covers a pair of seeds.
The green cone scales were held close.
The dry one has its scales open.
Can you tell why?

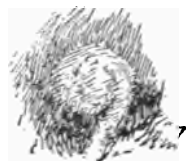
Each seed has a little wing or sail to
help the wind carry it.

The pine tree was made to last long.
The cones have seeds in them.
What if all the seeds were planted?
We thank you, pine-tree leaves, for
staying all winter.

THE FERNS.

stretch fruit year because

Oh, see this queer ball grow-
ing! Look again. See
what it is.



Why, it is a little fern all rolled up.
Here is another and another.
They will not stay rolled long.
Elsie watched them
every day.



How fast they grew!

"They must stretch as hard as they
can," Elsie said.

I wish they could have blossoms, she
thought. Perhaps if they did they
would not make such pretty leaves.

This was a big thought for such a little girl.

One day she found brown spots on the leaves. They were on the under side.

“ See,” she said, “ there are brown bugs on my pretty ferns !”

“ That is fern fruit,” said her mother.

“ When it is ripe seeds will fall.

“ Then more ferns will grow.”



LIVING SPRINGS.

bubbles rivers beasts happen

Down in the ground are springs
of water.

Did you ever see a spring?
How the water bubbles and flows!
Dip it all out and more will flow in.
That is why they are called
living springs.

And they bubble and flow
like living things.

We cannot make them empty and dry.
Some springs are open so that
we can see them.

More of them give their water
to the brooks.

The brooks flow into rivers, and
 rivers run to the sea.
 How glad we are to find a spring
 of cool, clear water.
 The cattle and all beasts and birds
 are glad.
 What feeds the springs, do you think?
 It is the kindly rain.
 Do you sometimes wish it would
 not rain?
 What would happen if you had
 your wish?



Where springs are
 found look for
 wild flowers and
 pretty mosses.



A WELL OF WATER.

gravel enough inches through
Where Ned lives a well had to be dug.
Let him tell us how it was done.
First a man came with a rod to find
the right place.
He could tell by the rod where they
would find water.
The men made a big round ring on
the ground. .

They took off all the turf inside the ring.

The turf was roots of grass.

Next the men dug up the soil.

They said it was nine inches deep.

How much is that?

The soil was put on the flower-beds.

Under the soil was gravel. What is that?

At first it was fine and good. Ned's
father had a use for it.

Deep down the gravel was rocky.

At last they found nothing but stone.

The well was not deep enough, so they
had to go through the stone. That
was hard work.

At last the water began to flow. Where
from, do you think?

Yes, from the springs in the ground.

NATURE'S WARM CARPET.

We do not buy this carpet and it
does not grow.

It comes to us out of the sky.

Some children never see this kind
of carpet.

They live where it is always warm.

A high mountain-top has it for a
cap all the time.

When it is clean it is white
and sparkling.

Blades of green grass make the
summer carpet.

Other tiny things make the winter one.

We call them snowflakes. They
sometimes look like white stars.

The snow carpet is sometimes too thick
to use. What shall we do about it?
How does the snow look coming down?
See if these lines tell its story:

Whene'er a snowflake leaves the sky,
It turns and turns to say "Good-bye,
Good-bye, dear cloud, so cool and gray."
Then lightly hastens on its way.

Did you ever see them do that?
Watch when the next snow falls.
Why do we call snow a warm carpet?
It is not warm to us.
It is like a woolly blanket to the
ground and the
roots of grass.
It keeps the cold
air from them.



NATURE KINDNESS.

The cat plays with her kitten.
The bird feeds her bird-babies.
The hen broods her chickens.
The bear cares for her cubs.
The sheep is proud of her lambkins.
The cow loves her calf.
The lioness would die for her young.
Your mother dearly loves you.
Who taught them all to love?
Love comes from loving hearts.
Love is the best thing in the world.

NATURE CRUELTY.

Are the creatures ever unkind?
Are some of them cruel?
The hawk eats chickens.

The hen eats bugs and worms.
Cats watch for mice and birds.
Our baby pulls mamma's hair.
She laughs when mamma makes a face.
She pulls harder and laughs.
Does she know how it hurts?
Do the creatures know what hurts?

ODD WAYS.

useful insect turkey creatures

This mother has odd ways in her world.
She loves to have things useful.
Everything she owns is for use.
Not one lives just for itself.
Some of her plant-children are for food.
She lets her animal children feed
on them.

There is no harm in that.

It is good to be of use.

The plants could not live always.

Nature has other strange ways.

She lets her bird-children feed on
her insect-children.

Has she a right to do that? She
thinks she has.

She lets us have some of her birds
to eat.

We think the hen and the turkey
were made for us.

What other creatures do we have
for food?

Her wild children kill what they need.

We must be as good as they.

And we must never give pain for sport.

ORDER IN NATURE.

Do nature-things behave well ?
Let us try to find out.

The sun rises and sets every day.
What should we do if it did not ?
Spring, summer, autumn, and winter
come every year.

We have a moon-visit every month.
The sea stays in its place, and the
dry land.

The trees have their own kinds of
leaves.

The plants bear their own blossoms.
Rosebushes never bear lilies.
Apples never grow on pine trees.

Seeds never forget what kinds of
plants they are to be.

Snow and frost come in winter.

Soft, warm rain comes in summer.

The grass is never blue.

The sky is never green.

Little things do not always come
as we like.

Great things never fail us.

Let us sing this little song :

God's in His heaven,
All's well with the world.

Just a little every day, that 's the way !
Seeds in darkness swell and grow,
Tiny blades flush through the snow,
Slowly — slowly — at the first,
That 's the way, just a little every day.

Is this a time to be gloomy and sad,
When our Mother Nature laughs around ;
When even the deep blue heavens look glad,
And gladness beams from the blossoming ground ?

At the door on summer evenings,
Sat the little Hiawatha ;
Heard the whispering of the pine trees,
Heard the lapping of the water,
Sounds of music, words of wonder ;
“ Minne-wawa ! ” said the pine trees,
“ Mudway-aushka ! ” said the water.

Then the little Hiawatha
Learned of every bird its language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How they built their nests in summer,
Where they hid themselves in winter.

APPENDIX.



THE TIMING OF LESSONS. — There is an advantage in matching lessons to their appropriate season of year; but it is by no means a necessity. A lesson on the features of Spring-time given in March or April calls for observation and recognition; given at another time, it gathers up memories and appeals to the imagination in making mental pictures. Children old enough to be in school have already a store of these, and need to be helped to make use of the heaped-up wealth they have acquired from the panoramic displays of earlier years.

THE CENTRAL IDEA. — Each reading lesson may serve various purposes. That on Spring-time (page 1) may dwell most on our own enjoyment of Spring, but this would not be Nature work. It is recommended that in going through these lessons, consecutively or otherwise, the Nature side be kept to the front and the other features made accessory to it. It will make a difference in the results of work if this be carefully observed. Signs of Spring in willow, coming bluebird, softer winds, running, babbling brooks, and something fresh in ourselves can be made to touch child mind and hearts, which "are never finely touched but to fine issues."

The opening lessons on Birds may be used to illustrate another important element in Nature work. Study the bird not simply as an object, but as a life; and

broaden the thought afterward by giving the life its place in the great Unity of Life the Universe through. Even so simple a lesson exemplifies the perils of life and its preservation, the love and care which infancy demands and receives, and the requisite knowledge and skill in parent birds to provide for the needs of their young.

Do not end the lesson without touching upon the idea that children themselves are birds in home nests, and that they, too, will outgrow the need of care and fly away to gain power to be in their turn home-makers and care-takers.

THE RELIGIOUS ELEMENT IN NATURE WORK.— While the children are too young to be concerned with points which divide mankind in religious thought, early childhood is the time and Nature work one of the best means for laying the foundation for that in which all agree. Teaching will consist in a constant reference to the unity of life in the entire creation, and the expression of law and purpose without which no element of life can be rightly understood. Poetry and fancy help to carry this thread of suggestion, and, if kept within bounds, will harmonize with the scientific spirit into which from the outset children should be led.

LANGUAGE DEVELOPMENT IN COMPOSITION.— It is the other half of all elementary training that by it children shall keep their natural freedom in telling their thoughts to others. It must be remembered by us as teachers that the large numbers associated in school classes tend

to make the life unnatural. This must be overcome, as fully as may be made possible, by original language work. A part of this can be done orally, but in writing all pupils may work together, and time is multiplied for each. The plan of the book in this respect is a novel and simple one. The five sentence types may be made centers of a variety of forms which children can freely use. Thus, WHAT IS IT comes to include *What are they, were they, was it, or will it be*, and *What* slides easily into WHO and WHICH. So with all the five.

It is too early for even the beginnings of what leads to grammatical knowledge, but it is the best time to bring into spontaneous action the rhetorical powers. The grading of the book has been tested in two cities. It is hoped it may be found suitable for others.

Direct Contact with Nature.

In every case where the object of study can be brought into the schoolroom, or the children taken or sent to it, it should go without saying that the teacher cannot afford to miss the advantage her pupils will gain by direct contact with nature. Time should be found for voluntary expression of what a child has observed in any line in connection with the lessons.

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